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# The TATLER

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August 4, 1948

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# The TATLER

## and BYSTANDER

Two Shillings

LONDON

AUGUST 4, 1948

Vol. CLXXXIX. No. 2456

### THIS ISSUE

#### Royal Garden Party.

Guests who attended the second Royal Garden Party of the season were favoured with excellent weather. A number of those who were present, and also personalities who attended the Birthday Honours Investiture a day or two earlier, are pictured on pages 136 and 137.

**Eclipse Stakes.** This famous race, run at Sandown Park by a field of eight, and won brilliantly and unexpectedly by *Petition*, attracted a very large attendance. See pages 140 and 141.

#### Danish Royal Family.

A recent picture of King Frederik IX of Denmark with Queen Ingrid and their three daughters, is on page 143.

#### The Royal Archers.

The name of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland is by no means a courtesy title. And its members' prowess with bow and arrow in an unusual shooting competition is shown in photographs on pages 144 and 145.

#### Lucifer Entertains.

The Lucifer Golfing Society, to which belongs many eminent figures in the professions and industry, recently entertained a hundred Empire golfers to a match at Walton Heath, and later to dinner. Page 147.



**MR. AND MRS. GERALD LEGGE** receiving their guests at Londonderry House after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Legge was formerly Miss Raine McCorquodale, daughter of Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and of Mr. Alexander McCorquodale, and Mr. Legge is the son of the Chief Constable of Berkshire, who is the Earl of Dartmouth's brother. The wedding, which was one of the most brilliant of the season, is described by Jennifer on page 139, and there are more pictures on page 142



*The Earl of Halifax, Chancellor of Oxford University, speaking in the Big Hall of Lancing College, Sussex, at a lunch during the centenary celebrations. The College was founded by the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard, a great Victorian pioneer of education*

## Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

“AND August comes the fainting year to mend with fruit and grain,” promises my calendar; and—let me pray—a modicum of rain.

Of all the Bank Holidays of our year, the August one is nearest to the heart of London, although to-day 'Appy, 'Appy 'Ampstead is a pale and alien ghost of what it was when 'Arriet's feathered 'ats were drawn by Phil May and the costers driving behind their mokes were immortalized by Albert Chevalier in songs such as “Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Rahd.”

These Augusts the Bank Holiday crowd tends to reflect more of the fugacious character of London's present playboys—while in other days the visitors to 'Ampstead, if not strictly native, came from as nearby as Bef'nal Green, 'Oundsditch and the Boro', bless 'em.

Even the fare offered has shown some deterioration, which is to be deplored, especially when at the far end of the Spaniard's Way now lives the reigning monarch of the English fairground.

Of all Bank Holidays the August one is also kindest to parenthood, least disconcerting and burdensome, which cannot be said of any of those which lie between December 25th and the summer.

Until 1752, New Year's Day in England was March 25th. Not that that date's restoration would be much of an improvement.

THE English road is a winding one, as G. K. Chesterton observed in verse, so I suppose there is nothing illogical in recording the day we got to Wembley by way of Brompton Road.

While the trumpets are blaring at Wembley and the eyes of the world are believed to be centred on the athletes, tucked away down in S.W.7 is a quiet reminder that the Olympiad also embraces the aesthetes. Here have competed the nations of the world in sculpture, drawing and design—all the nations,

that is, except such individualistic giants as the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.

Here in the Victoria and Albert Museum artists of such frustrated victims of progress as Austria and Poland are showing how this thing called “sport” has moved them. And in many ways a moving display it is, and why no space has been found for it nearer the tracks at Wembley itself is one of those mysteries for which there are probably as many explanations as to why, in the first place, men and women wish to hurl themselves about for public amusement.

The architectural models are alone worth anyone's visit, notably a sumptuous model for a Swiss sports training centre and a proposed “Lido” for Regent's Park by C. Terry Pledge, although why we should adopt the word “lido” is beyond me, especially when architectural perfection is being sought, for no strip of strand has been more vulgarized than the golden one bordering the Venetian lagoon.

Sculpture inspired by sports—and requiring in concept and execution more brain and brawn than many a sport—dominates this Olympic Games sideshow.

FAR be it that I should appear an advocate of persecution, humiliation, or downright extinction but—no tears are being shed by me over the fate of our old enemy “Bill Stickers.”

He has escaped too long the prosecution with which he is always being threatened on the walls and hoardings of our island.

Of all the Government ordinances, this new ban-the-bad-poster ruling is the one least likely to offend the thinking person. And it has the great advantage that, by passing the responsibility to local authority, it should help in re-stimulating a sense of civic pride.

London has some pretty horrors on its hoardings, and in the least suitable places. But I hope that the concession to posters that “can only be seen from railway stations” is

not construed as an encouragement to those hoardings which, across the Channel, so disfigure much of the French countryside as seen from a railway carriage window. Paris sets a good example to the rest of France, although the manner in which they have allowed the upper part of the Champs Elysées to be vulgarized by commercial signs is deplorable.

Our own Leicester Square district might even be made reasonably presentable again if robbed of all those vast canvases upon which are depicted huge and hideous film faces distorted by passion, glamour, yearning and lust.

What of the signboards which some estate agents plaster on to buildings in order that the passing world should be informed that they have just pulled off a deal? Will they be allowed to continue?

I wonder greatly, by the way, why no poet or composer has been stirred to creation by the rhythm of so many of our firms of real-estate agents, let alone the solicitors? There is a resonance about “Jackson, Stops and Staff,” while “Hillier, Parker, May & Rowden” call for an ode on their exploits on the slopes of Snowdon.

My own choice for a few lines in the style of Herrick goes to the Sussex firm of “Reason and Tickle.”

AS a footnote to events in Berlin, I have come on a fascinating story related by Count Benckendorff, the last Tsarist ambassador in London.

He was present at all the sittings of the Congress of Berlin in 1878 and tells of an incident when the Russian envoy, Prince Gortschakoff calmly announced that Russia was about to arm the port of Batoum—in complete disregard of the Treaty of Paris.

This so shook Disraeli that he said angrily: “*Casus belli.*”

It was a rash utterance, but not one person at the table understood what he said, thanks to the Latin words being pronounced in the

English way. They probably thought he was hiccupping, or clearing his throat, or just growling.

"But just imagine," says Count Bencken dorf, "the consternation of the Congress had Disraeli used the Continental pronunciation and said *"cahsous bellee."* and thus threatened Russia with war!"

Many harsh things have been said of public schools' ideas on Latin pronunciation, but in this case it seems to have played a useful part in smoothing a crisis.

By the way, the Russians backed down. . . .

Those interested in getting the present events in Germany in perspective—or in gaining assurance that there is nothing new in any situation—are recommended to two volumes I happened to have been glancing through over a week-end. Both deal, in some measure, with the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, when an "Allied" force of Russians, British, Americans, Austrians, Japanese, French, Italians and Germans advanced into China on a punitive expedition that developed into open warfare. One book is by the late Major-General Dunsterville ("Stalky"), and the other by the late Lord Keyes.

Admiral Roger Keyes in *Adventures Ashore and Afloat* pulled no punches in relating the fantastic "duplicité" and "looting instincts" of the Russians at that time. If they had been fighting their "Allies" instead of the Chinese, they could not have behaved in more discreditable and self-centred a manner. They even sent an English force into a Chinese ambush—and seemed rather pleased with their cleverness.

"Stalky" tells the same sort of story.

AUGUST in London sees another festival that one must call Cockney, that of the "Prom" concerts, for if ever there was a full-blooded, proud Cockney that man was the late Sir 'Enry Wood.

I went to the opening of this year's season with a man who carries Wisden next his heart and on that hot evening, the name of Toshack and Miller on his lips. But it was not Wisden (not the stop-press Test score) that he presently produced from his other pocket, but another sort of score—that of the Emperor Concerto.

One may miss the blue and gold softness of the ravaged Queen's Hall, deplore the echo and vastness of the Albert, but exactly the same spirit of youth and enthusiasm still hovers over these unique concerts—given at a time of the year when every other country abandons indoor concert-going. How we must puzzle the inquiring visitor from more logical nations!

Sir 'Enry was born in Oxford Street, not five minutes from the Queen's Hall with which he was to link his name in so distinctive a manner, and I dare think that its blackened ruins still echo to his "'ere, 'ere, 'ere." Or perhaps to his immortal reproach to the erring second violins at one rehearsal: "'Ere, 'ere, whatever are you a' doin' of, sawin' away there regardless?"

There is a local tavern, now frequented by the strange folk from the B.B.C. nearby, that owes its name to Sir 'Enry. In one of his sarcastic moods, he remarked that after a rehearsal break he could never get the orchestral players back in time.

"Always flying around the corner for a quick one," he said bitterly to the first violin. "Gettin' their noses stuck in that gluepot again!"

The "Gluepot" it is to this day. A musical friend who met an old orchestral colleague in Prague, once told me that there, too, there has been a "gluepot" café, christened by local players who were once under Sir 'Enry ("Timber") Wood's baton.

## WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

### Shy, Shelf'ring Land

by Justin Richardson

England's a land of shy, of shelf'ring things,  
Not for your clamant caller come a-knocking  
Mysteried moss-rose, faint-drawn fairy-rings,  
Dew-pools, milk-chocolate, the nylon stock-  
ing—

Love holds their key. . . .  
Not me.

England's a land of silent things and soft,  
Of small sounds, where the furry night comes  
dropping. . . .

Hush!—is that a celandine that coughed?  
The pulse-beat of a coupon someone's swap-  
ping—

The faintest throb—  
Two bob?

England's a land of wayward-wisping scents,  
Gossamer perfumes the more sweet for seek-  
ing—

The smell of moonlit sedges, new-trod bents  
Under the sun, commercial petrol leaking  
Under the nose—  
Or rose.

Ah, England, ah veiled innocent of lands,  
Fold fast your treasures, wrapped, with-  
drawn in beauty!

Your darkling gold of butter changing hands,  
Your beech leaf's down, your watch evading  
duty

Aren't for display!  
I'll say.



DR. SIDNEY EARLE SMITH, King's Counsellor and President of the University of Toronto, talking to Dr. Ernst Gideon Malherbe, President of Natal University College, South Africa, in the quadrangle before the Senate House at Cambridge. With four other principals of Empire universities they had received honorary doctorates at a Congregation presided over by Dr. C. E. Raven, Vice-Chancellor of the University. Dr. Smith teaches law, and Dr. Malherbe is an educationist and military expert

## Self-Profile

## Eric Maschwitz

by *Eric Maschwitz*

**P**HONETICALLY I should be pronounced "Mash-wits" but every day someone I know quite well calls me "Masher-wits," "Masskovitch," "Mazzwitch," or even "Mac-switch." A Polish grandfather was to blame for this. Many a time I have wished I had a nice simple name like "H. G. Wells"!

For seven generations my family were merchants and bankers; the fact that I turned out to be some sort of a playwright was, therefore, as surprising as the appearance of a Pekinese in a litter of fox-terriers.

My father, who was an amateur musician and played the viola beautifully, was devoted to the theatre. We lived in Birmingham, where as children we went regularly to the play. Our nurse's favourite piece was a slice of Napoleonic ham entitled *A Royal Divorce*. We liked this, too, perhaps because the white horse on which Napoleon sat during the Battle of Waterloo (four live soldiers and three hundred painted on the back-cloth) was borrowed each year from our local livery stable. His name was Jolly and, when not losing battles at the Theatre Royal, he used to pull the cab that took us to Christmas parties.

It was at Cambridge that I first became an actress. The Marlowe Society kept up the Elizabethan tradition of having all female parts played by young men, so I started my stage career as Vittoria Corombona in *The White Devil*. The next person to play it in the English theatre was Miss Margaret Rawlings. Many people maintain that I was even prettier in the part!

## Sociable Savoy Hill

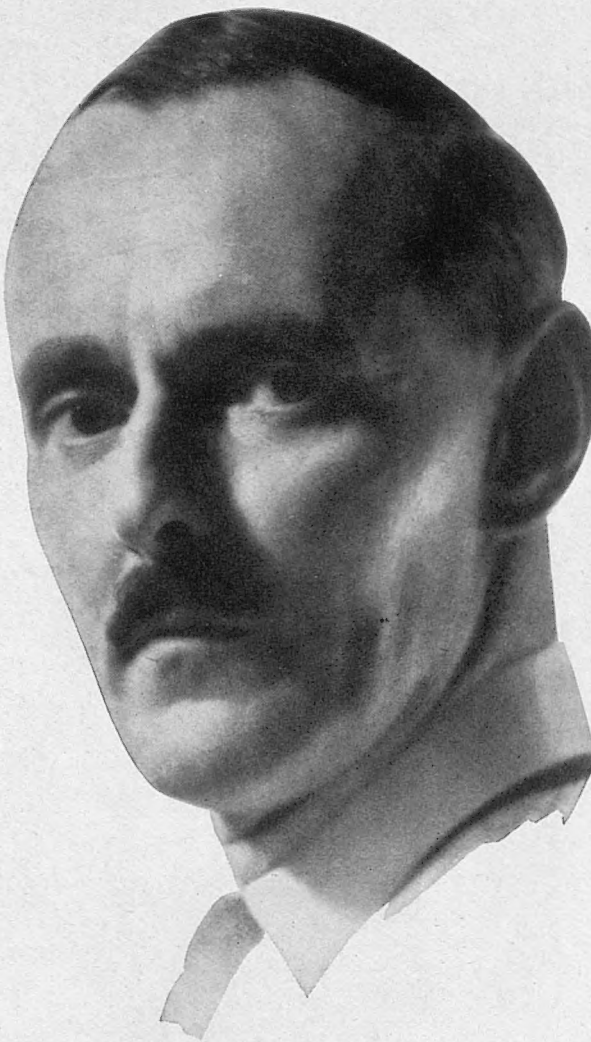
**A**FTER some years spent as a journalist, novelist, actor and principal of a correspondence course in short-story writing, I landed up at the B.B.C. I was so broke when I got the job that I went for my interview wearing my last possible pair of shoes (my dancing pumps!). In the Savoy Hill days the B.B.C. was fun. We were packed in, six to a room, two to a desk. Over us brooded the saturnine, six-foot-seven figure of Mr. John Reith. He was a wonderful chief, gave us our heads, expected us to work hard, had no patience with failure.

When we moved to the solemn, ugly splendour of Broadcasting House, some of the fun seemed to have gone out of life. Mr. Reith became a Knight, then a Lord. Civil Service methods were substituted for the "old boy" procedure of earlier days. I became Director of Variety, a post invented for me. After three years I found myself, like a Portland Place Laocoon, enmeshed in red tape. By that time *Balalaika* had happened, so I resigned from the B.B.C., determined never again to work for a monopoly.

*Balalaika* was one enormous piece of good fortune. The plot for this new type of musical play was, almost literally, handed to me on a plate. During New Year's celebrations in a Russian restaurant in Montmartre, one of the

waiters shot himself. In the manager's office, over numerous vodkas, I was told the story of that unfortunate man—and, almost word for word, it became the story of *Balalaika*.

The film rights of *Balalaika* were bought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They engaged me, at a princely salary, to go to Hollywood and write the script. When I got there I found that my play was already being adapted by three other authors. They gave me the job of writing the screen play of James Hilton's



*Good-bye, Mr. Chips* (Hilton was in the studio, too, but he was busy trying to make a two-hour film out of *The Forsyte Saga*).

Hollywood is fantastic. Anything can happen there. Being driven home one evening, I met with a whole house being transferred on rollers from one site to another. It came rolling along one of the main boulevards, occupying almost the whole width of the roadway. Inside it sat the occupants, playing poker by candlelight! Maybe it was that which decided me to escape back to Europe.

"I frankly hate writing lyrics. . . . Still, I have written over three hundred songs—a strange finish for a Classical Scholar of Repton, whose first poems were published in *The London Mercury*"

While I was at the B.B.C. a friend asked me if I would write words for some songs by a young composer called George Posford. So I started off, rather unwillingly, as a lyric writer. I wrote "Good Night, Vienna" and "Balalaika" with Posford; "These Foolish Things" with Jack Strachey; and "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" with Manning Sherwin.

I frankly hate writing lyrics. Why are there no other rhymes for "love" except "dove," "glove," "shove" and "above"? (I have always considered it dishonest to use "of.") Still, I have written over three hundred songs—a strange finish for a Classical Scholar of Repton whose first poems were published in *The London Mercury*.

## War Interlude

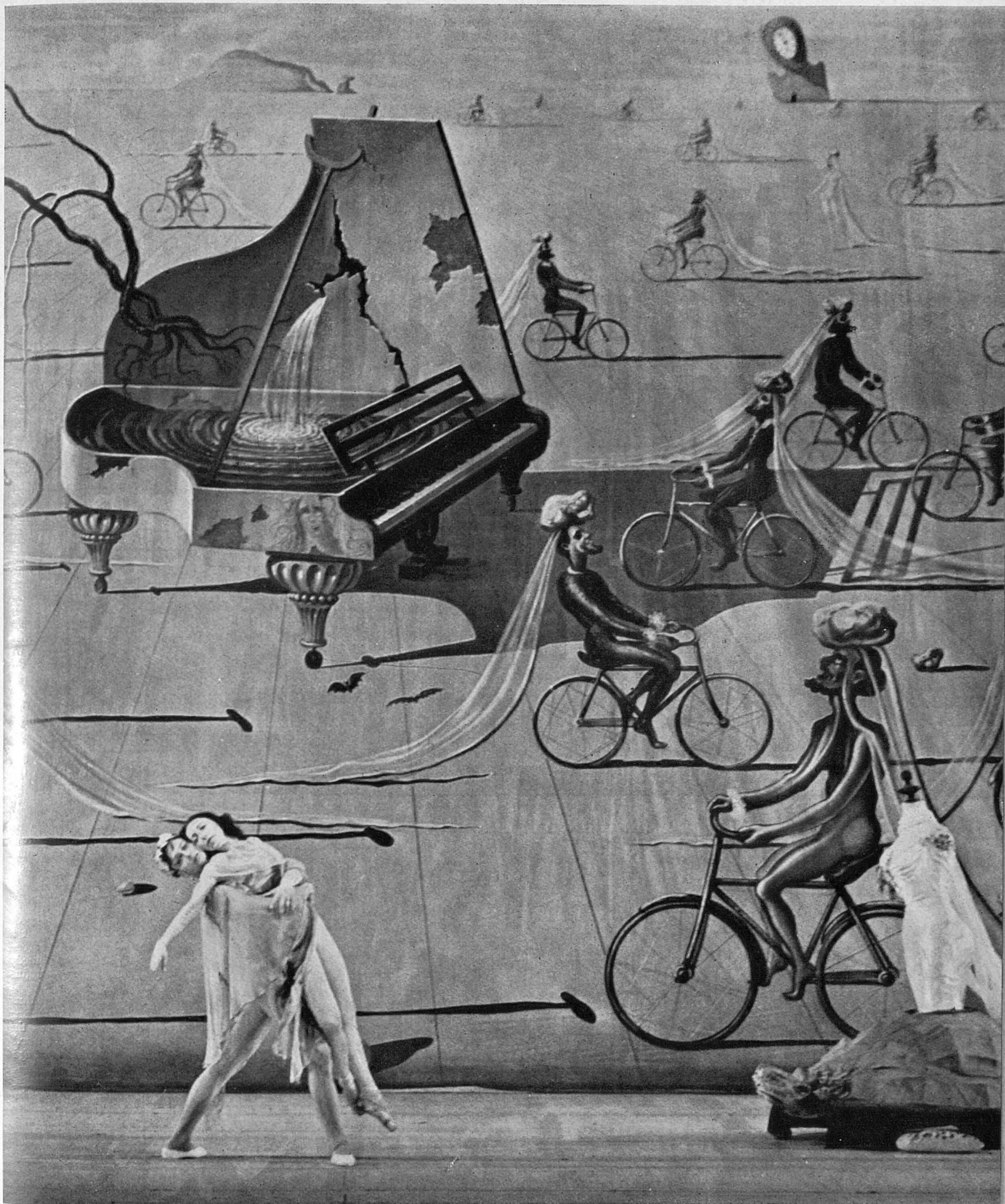
**T**HE military history of the second World War was not greatly affected by the gallantry of No. 133734 Lt.-Colonel E. Maschwitz. I worked for two years in a special branch of Intelligence, did a spell with Army Welfare, engaged in leaflet warfare around D-Day, became the story editor of the S.H.A.E.F. official film *The True Glory*, and ended up as Broadcasting Officer to 21 Army Group. The war taught me two things; that, tragically enough, war brings out the best in human beings, and that, as far as I was concerned, the prospect of death was not too uncomfortably frightening.

My latest musical play, *Carissima*, is now at the Palace Theatre. It is a sheer delight to be working with enthusiasts like Lee Ephraim, our producer and Hans May, who wrote the beautiful romantic score. I love the musical side of the theatre with the passion of a Laurence Olivier for the Old Vic. Most English producers expect a musical play to reach them ready-made; that's why they mostly buy them from America.

*Carissima* was first planned in August, 1939, when I decided to write a play for the late Richard Tauber. The idea was given me by Armin Robinson, once, in the days before Hitler, the most-successful music publisher in Europe. Armin and I were to have written it together, but when I got out of the Army I finished it on my own. My next musical, *Serenade*, will be touring the country this autumn, prior to London production.

## No Parsnips

**W**HAT shall I say about myself to sum up? I am forty-seven. I live in Mayfair. My wife, the prettiest and most level-headed young lady who was ever born in the Scottish town of Iverkip, runs the Gay Nineties Club. I rise at 8 a.m. every day, do six hours work before tea (and generally more later), don't like rabbit, cod, sheep's heart or parsnips, weigh 185 pounds, smoke fifty cigarettes a day, can't drive a motor car, love talking "shop," speak four languages fast but inaccurately, have large feet, stoop considerably, hate publicity and love whisky. Astonishing, isn't it, how dull some people's lives can sound?



Photograph by Duncan Melvin

## "COLLOQUE SENTIMENTALE"

is the title of one of the six ballets new to London which the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo is now presenting at Covent Garden for a month's season. The principal dancers in this ballet are André Eglevsky (the choreographer) and Rosella Hightower, the U.S. ballerina, who are seen performing one of the movements. As both story and décor are by Salvador Dali, it may be gathered that the backcloth is also no mean ingredient, and the scene, from the cyclists' fatigue party to the rather impractical piano, is in the master's choicest vein. The Grand Ballet is under the direction of the Marquis George de Cuevas, and the repertoire also includes some of the great Diaghilev ballets and classics

P. Youngman Carter\*

[Decorations  
by Hoffnung]

# At The Pictures

## Progress Report

LET us please encase the ballet of *The Red Shoes* (Gaumont and Marble Arch) in a casket of atom-proof lead, and sink it down the deepest of shafts so that something of this day's celluloid civilization may remain. For here is a film which contains within it a work of art comparable with any single treasure in the cultural heritage of the cinema. Here are sequences which hold eye and ear entranced, whole minutes when the mind cries, "Now I am content!"

Landmarks in the cinema are separated by the years. Two generations and a thousand leagues of film lie between *Caligari* and *Kermesse Heroique* and intervening milestones number less than a dozen. *The Red Shoes* is of a calibre with these.

IT is a story within a story, the outer setting of which is the world of the ballet revealed intimately and authoritatively by the masters themselves. Massine is superbly portrayed by Massine, Mme Rambert by Mme Rambert; only Helpmann is provided with the thin disguise of an accent. Dictating over this world of religious ecstasy, talent, hysteria and personality run riot is Boris Lermontov (Anton Walbrook), a sinister and ill-mannered mixture of Svengali, Diaghilev and Hitler. Into his kingdom come two young people, Victoria Page, a ballerina (Moiria Shearer) and Julian Craster, a composer (Marius Goring). Inevitably they fall in love but not before we have been carried exotically through the wings, on to the stage, into dressing-rooms, practice-rooms, past mountains of ecstasy and gloom, and have watched the entire gamut of emotion expressed uncorseted by folk whose whole business in life is the expression of emotion. The caravanserai moves from London to Paris to Monte Carlo, including in its repertoire *Swan Lake*, *Copelia* and *Boutique*—brief glimpses which pluck cunningly at the heartstrings of the balletomane.

MEANWHILE a new work is in preparation; *The Red Shoes*, based on the Hans Andersen fairy story of the devilish shoemaker and the girl who, once having put on his handiwork, danced on and on to her destruction. Lermantov announces his decision that Victoria is to dance this rôle to Julian's music, while the company is in Monte Carlo. Here again heartstrings quiver, for Technicolor, handled with mastery by Jack Cardiff, gives generously the nostalgic beauty of the Riviera, always at its best in the mind's eye. One scene at this point is as near perfection as contemporary skill can hope for. Victoria, having been summoned to the maestro's villa, is left by

the chauffeur at the wrought iron gates. She is in a long, wide gown, cloaked and hooded, very beautiful, very young and very excited. Beyond the gates there lies a flight of stone steps covered with weeds, stretching up and up into the distance. Far away a man's voice is singing a wordless melody. Very slowly she climbs the staircase.

Now this has been done before. The set-up is stale, the setting familiar. Yet by an intricate combination of composition, colour, sound and the promise of drama to follow, the camera has here managed to join company with the poets.

AFTER this we follow the excitements, the tensions and the agonies of rehearsal, the leverish leading up to that most thrilling of all moments, when, the overture ended, the house-lights fade and the curtains go up on the ballet itself. Here is the heart of the matter. Robert Helpmann, the choreographer, Hein Heckroth, the designer, and Brian Easdale the composer, with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra have created a new and memorable work, by any standard distinguished.

Moreover it is conceived in terms of cinema, so that one is able to move with the dancers legitimately from the ballet of stage, canvas and make-up into the ballet of the mind, where a floating newspaper may turn, magically, into a living apparition, where we can follow the ballerina through fairgrounds and booths, cathedrals and back streets, over hill, over dale, through surrealist eternity, as the imagination and the music decree. In twenty breathless minutes a new art form reaches maturity.

One could wish that Messrs. Powell and Pressburger who wrote, produced and directed this remarkable piece of work had halted here. Alas, they did not, and the dreary shadow of the box office darkens the rest of the tale. True, there is a tender and charming little love scene, played in one of those delicious canopied victorias which still totter round the Corniche like a beloved anachronism, and there are a few more glimpses backstage, but the artists have gone, the musicians have packed their violins. Only a company of actors remain to play out an ordinary little novelette to an improbable and faintly nauseating finish.

A cut of five hundred feet would have spared us a deal of this and the wonder is that with so much sincerity, so much genuine creation, this tedium was ever permitted to remain. A pair of scissors and a gluepot could still work a miracle here, and as for box office—well, miracles have been popular before to-day.



THE British Film Institute who are, among other things, the originators of the National Film Library, have produced this week's most fascinating "short." *Edwardian Newsreel* is a compendium of all early British newsreels from 1896 to the Delhi Durbar of 1911. Every inch of it has its own particular charm and not infrequently its own historic importance. The celebrities range from King Edward, Joe Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, to Flora Drummond and there are thirty revealing seconds with the great W. G. Grace which show the young 'uns that his mastery over the cricket ball was no mere matter of personality and luck.

Students of social conditions will note how different was the attitude of the police of those days. Would any modern crowd have tolerated the handling which the over-curious received at the siege of Sidney Street? One thing remains constant, the audacity and courage of the newsreel man. Then, as now, he was prepared to go well forward to shoot, even if that entailed being shot at.

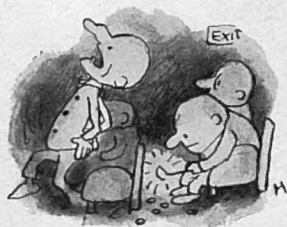
BRITISH politicians of the past may appear faintly comic as they jerk and flicker across the screen but their American counterparts of to-day are often puzzling as well.

*The World And His Wife* (Empire) displays the mysterious way in which, behind the scenes, these folk are said to conduct themselves. Whether this is one of those straight statements of fact which are sometimes mis-called satire, or true satire with just enough truth in it to justify the powder and shot, is beyond assessment on this side of the ocean, but Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn with the aid of a swift, wise-cracking script and some slick direction from Frank Capra make it seem likely enough.

A big-hearted American business man with no end of noble qualities is persuaded by his mistress, an intelligent and attractive big-business woman (Angela Lansbury), to run for the Presidency. This involves his public return to his witty and attractive wife and his association with a whole circus ring of political clowns. The fuss, the corruption, the ballyhoo and the nobility of purpose are all most convincingly displayed. Without a detailed knowledge of the American political scene it is difficult to say whether this is a witty comedy masquerading as a local joke or a stale jest refurbished to make it appear witty.

This brings us to that eminent and individual comedian, Mr. Jack Benny. He is now appearing as a minor angel from "so to speak," says the programme note, "the Heavenly Dog House," in a piece entitled *The Horn Blows at Midnight* (Warner). More's the pity.

\* Deputizing for Freda Bruce Lockhart who is on holiday.



## HAZEL COURT

is at twenty-two one of the most rapidly rising young stars in British films. Like Madeleine Carroll she is a product of the Midlands, having been born at Sutton Coldfield and possesses, besides good looks, intelligence and a determination to succeed. Her first part, after a film test at Ealing Studios, was in *Champagne Charlie* in 1944 and she appeared in *Gaiety George*, *Meet Me At Dawn* and other films before making a decided impression on the mind of the cinemagoing public in Gainsborough's *Holiday Camp*. Her latest appearance, with other young Rank stars, was in *My Sister and I* in which, besides acting a modern part, she appeared as a very beautiful Juliet in a scene representing a repertory theatre performance.



*George Bilainkin.*

## TRAVELLING IN EUROPE



*H.E. Mons. Lajos  
Dinnyes, Premier of  
Hungary*

slower pulse among the many who loved good living, enjoyed travel and culture, and are now dispossessed and uncertain of the paths ahead.

Commonly termed here "reactionaries," the latter wonder whether the present coalition may be ended, and then power could revert to the smiling, astonishingly energetic little M. Matyas Rakosi, Deputy Premier. Myopic politicians left him in prisons in Hungary for sixteen years, though he had been sentenced to ten for Communism.

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Demobilised one morning, he found himself called up again in the afternoon. Dinnyes turned "illegal," and moved swiftly from place to place until the Liberation in 1945 by the Red Armies. He remembers, self-consciously but candidly, that he helped bring Nagy to power. "Utterly unreliable" Nagy was determined that Dinnyes should be kept out of the Ministry, but on May 15, 1947, Dinnyes, the successful university fencer, tennis player and clay-pigeon-shooting prizewinner, took over national defence. During Cabinet sessions the two exchanged views, but not outside. Dinnyes the ex-sergeant removed from the Corps of Officers "elements that did not fit into the new Hungary," and reorganised the arms and uniform of 18,000 officers and men.

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### BUDAPEST.—

At the end of a thousand years' turbulent struggle for survival, the nine million Hungarians are conscious of two pulses. The pace of one is faster among those who visualise the opportunities of this centenary year of the great war of independence of 1848. Descendants of serfs, they see that most land and large factories are the people's; education, up to university standard, is available for the poorest.

There is a distinctly slower pulse among the many who loved good living, enjoyed travel and culture, and are now dispossessed and uncertain of the paths ahead.

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*Sir Ivo Thomson, Bt., and Lady Thomson arriving for the Garden Party*



*The Hon. Oswald Berry, son of Viscount Kemsley, with the Countess of Brecknock and Lady Mary Berry*

### TWO ROYAL OCCASIONS

### A GARDEN PARTY



*Col. and Mrs. P. T. Clifton arriving at the Palace*



*Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Bt., who is M.P. for Portsmouth South*



*S/Ldr. Dennett, of the R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Dennett, from Sydney*



*Capt. Wallace, R.N., was at the Party with Miss Wallace, his daughter*



*Edana Romney, the film-star, accompanied by her husband, Mr. John Woolf*



*Major F. A. Sloan and Miss Sloan were two more of the guests*



*Sir Charles and Lady Cochran leaving after the Investiture*



*Sir James Fiddes, of Edinburgh, and Lady Fiddes with Miss Gibb*



*Sir Harold West, the industrialist, with Lady West, Mr. George West and Miss Gloria West. Sir Harold received a knighthood*

## AND AN INVESTITURE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE



*Col. H. B. Shaw, Asst. Inspector-General of Palestine Police, had the C.B.E.*



*Sir Laurence Dunne, Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, was with Lady Dunne*



*Sir Ellis Hunter leaving his hotel, accompanied by his wife and daughter*



*Dr. D. W. G. Faris, C.B.E., with his wife and daughter*



*A/Cdre. Sir Frank Whittle with Vice-Admiral Sir E. Denys Ford. Both were knighted*



*Sir Raymond Connelly, Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Lady Connelly and Sir Frank Beaurepaire*



*Sir Joseph Kay, O.B.E., of Bombay, with Lady Kay and Miss Joanne Kay*



*S/Ldr. P. L. Chilton, who received the D.S.O., with Mrs. Chilton and their daughters*



Swaebe

*The Countess of Hardwicke with her three children, Viscount Royston, aged ten, Lady Amabel Yorke, aged thirteen, and Lady Victoria Yorke, aged thirteen months, in the drawing-room of their home, Rockley Manor, near Marlborough, Wilts. The Countess, who is a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, married the ninth Earl of Hardwicke in 1934, and they take a wide and practical interest in dairy farming*

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

**Court News:** Though the visit of the Shahinshah of Iran was, at his own request, not made a visit of State, his two-days stay at Buckingham Palace as the guest of Their Majesties had a good deal of the character of pre-war official visits. The King's Guard which he inspected on arrival at the Palace after his air trip from Iran wore the scarlet tunics and bearskins of full dress because, by good weather-fortune, the "alternative arrangements" which the Brigade of Guards, profiting by the unhappy experience of the cancelled Trooping the Colour parade, had been careful to lay on, were not needed.

The official dinner party, at which the King and Queen entertained him on the second night of his stay, also had more than a touch of pre-war brilliance, though full-

dress uniforms were not worn. Sixty, including the King and Queen, the Shahinshah, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, sat at the long table of the State Dining-room, the gold plate of the State service was in use, and Royal servants, for the duration of the visit, wore the more formal livery of 1939, with blue tailcoats, waistcoats and ties, instead of the "battle dress" uniforms of everyday.

A STRING band of the Guards played during dinner, and afterwards the Shahinshah had long informal talks with Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Gaitskell (who, as Minister of Fuel and Power, has a special interest in Iranian affairs), as well as with Mr. Winston Churchill, who, with Mrs. Churchill, was also among the guests.

W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, who has not allowed his sojourn at the Palace as Equerry to the King to damp his interest in the R.A.F. and flying matters generally, was attached, by the King's orders, to the Shahinshah as his British Aide, a very appropriate choice, for the Shah himself is a keen student of all flying matters, and looked on his visit to the R.A.F. jet squadron at Odiham, where W/Cdr. Townsend showed him round, as one of the high-lights of the whole of his stay. At the Palace, the Shahinshah occupied the Belgian Suite, on the ground floor.

FINE though windy weather, with July sunshine at long last, made the grounds of Buckingham Palace a lovelier setting for the second Garden Party than had

been the case with the first. A large number of Australian visitors, headed by Senator Armstrong, who is over here discussing arrangements for the Royal Dominion Tour next year, and a number of Americans. Miss Helen Hayes, the American actress, and her daughter, were among the company, which numbered 4000. The Shahinshah, after spending the early afternoon at the House of Commons, joined the Royal party at tea in the Durbar tent.

**S**T. MARGARET'S, Westminster, has not been so crowded for many years as it was for the marriage of Mr. Gerald Legge and Miss Raine McCorquodale, who had a retinue of two pages and sixteen bridesmaids. The bridesmaids were Susan and Prudence McCorquodale, Miss Jean and Miss Jill McCorquodale, Lady Caroline Thynne, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Lady Evelyn Leslie, the Hon. Grania O'Brien, the Hon. Joan Spring Rice, Miss Catherine de Trafford, Miss Daphne Warner, Miss Monica Stourton, Miss Brenda Gibbs, Miss Mary Bulteel, Miss Rose Grimston and Miss Pamela Bevan. The two pages, Ian and Glen McCorquodale, wore kilts of the McCorquodale tartan. Over 900 guests accepted, and to guide them to their seats there were thirty-two ushers.

The bride wore her white tulle crinoline coming-out dress, which was remade into a wedding dress with the neck outlined in orange blossom. With this she wore an exquisite Brussels lace veil—a family heirloom, lent by her great-uncle, Major-Gen. Sir John Scobell—held in place by a fine diamond tiara lent her by Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd. The church was beautifully decorated with huge vases of flame gladioli, the same colour as the sweet-pea bouquets that the bridesmaids carried with their white tulle crinoline frocks trimmed with sequins.

The reception was held at Londonderry House, and the wedding guests were received by the bride's mother and father, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, in an ensemble of royal blue, with Mr. Alexander McCorquodale, and the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Legge, the latter in pink with a chic pink and grey striped hat. Among the many relatives at the wedding were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Cartland, and her great-uncle and aunt, Gen. Sir John and Lady Scobell, the bridegroom's grandmother, Lady Oppenheimer, his uncle and aunt, the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, his brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Herschell, his cousins Lady Mary Frellay, Lady Josceline Chichester and Lady Barbara Kwiatkowski, also the Rt. Hon. Malcolm McCorquodale and Mrs. McCorquodale, Mr. George and the Hon. Mrs. McCorquodale, and Lady Dorothy Meynell.

**O**THERS I saw at the reception were Earl and Countess Mountbatten, with their elder daughter, Lady Brabourne. They had just come on from the ceremony in the House of Lords, where Lord Louis had been introduced and taken his seat, as had his nephew, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the presence of Princess Elizabeth. The bride's godfather, the Duke of Sutherland, was with the Duchess, who was looking very charming in a print dress and tiny white hat, and three exquisite diamond clips.

Lady Mary Alexander was accompanied by her debutante daughter, the Hon. Charmian Wilson, Pamela Countess of Aylesford brought her attractive daughter, Miss Judy Dugdale, Lady de Trafford was with her good-looking daughter Violet, and Lady Eden brought her daughter Anne. Two of the prettiest girls were Miss Beverly Pearson and Miss Anne Murphy, who was on a visit from New York. Both girls wore suits of faille and little straw hats.

**I**T was a pleasant exception these days to have the presents on view. They included a canteen of silver, a dinner service and two entrée dishes from the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, who also gave the bride three lovely diamond Staffordshire knots, which have been in the family for three generations. She had a lovely aquamarine and diamond clip and bracelet from her mother, as well as a white

foxcape and dining-room chairs, and from the bridegroom a diamond watch. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a gold cigarette-case. The bridegroom's parents gave, among other things, the household linen, a great item these days.

Two original presents I noticed were a ham from Capt. and Mrs. John Pearson, and a horseshoe from Mr. and Mrs. George Hopkins, made in the Royal stables, of which Mr. Hopkins is the superintendent.

Among the guests looking at the presents were the Earl and Countess of Portarlington, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Viscountess Monsell, the Countess of Gainsborough, Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Mount Temple, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, and Lady Amy Biddulph.

The bride left for her honeymoon in France wearing a flame-coloured dress and coat, with hat to match. Before she came down the wide staircase, she leant over the balcony, in the traditional fashion, and threw her bouquet to her bridesmaids.



Swatch

*Lady Darling, who married the second Baron in 1942, with her children, Julian, aged four, and Josephine, two, at their home at Milford-on-Sea, Hants. She is the daughter of the Rev. F. C. Dickson, of Lyndhurst, Hants. Lord Darling is a major in the Somerset Light Infantry*

**T**HE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE received the guests at the "Hour of Music" tea party given recently at 6, Belgrave Square, to raise funds for equipping the first of the residential clubs for blind workers at the Chestnuts, Willesden Lane. Here members will have the freedom and facilities similar to clubs for those not so unfortunately handicapped. Miss Victoria Maitland, herself blind, the founder-organiser of these clubs, has set the target for fulfilling this purpose at £500, and hopes also that many people will forward gifts in kind, including anything from bedsteads and bedding to pots and pans.

Before the very enjoyable concert started Lady Crewe presented Miss Maitland with a picture of herself.

**O**VER 300 young people enjoyed the Guinea-pig Ball at the Savoy. This was organised by a band of young men who had just passed out of Sandhurst, with Mr. Dennis Graham as president, Mr. Mike Hicks as the secretary, and a hard-working committee, including Mr. Warren Fenwicke-Clennel, Mr. Ian Bruce, Mr. Bobbie Duff, Mr. Laurie Barrington, Mr. Newton Webb-Bowen, Mr. Charles

Booth-Jones and Mr. Aubrey Greville-Williams, who all really ran the Ball admirably. The evening proved such a great success that it is now hoped to make the Ball an annual event with newly commissioned officers.

At one of the tables I saw Col. Kimpton and his debutante daughter Rosamond, whom I later saw dancing with Mr. Bobbie Duff, a charming Scot. Col. and Mrs. George Fenwicke-Clennel had a large party, including their two pretty daughters, Elizabeth and Susan, also Miss Bridget Pease, Mr. Nigel O'Connor, who farms in the West Country, Mr. Bill Akroyd and Mr. Clive Straker, who is one of the more successful G.R.s in the North. Dancing I saw Viscount Melgund, partnering Lady Elizabeth Lumley, Mr. Newton Webb-Bowen, who got the Sword of Honour at the end of last term, Mr. Mike Hicks, who won the King's Medal, Lord Edward FitzRoy, charming Miss Anne Wilson, in a lovely white dress, dancing with Mr. Bobbie Dolbey, Lt.-Col. D. W. K. Block, partnering Mrs. Pelham Burn, Miss June Gill and her fiancé, Mr. Kit Rawlings, and Miss Mary Connell, whom we chose as the prettiest debutante two years ago, looking very attractive and dancing with Mr. Aubrey Greville-Williams.

**O**VER 4000 people thronged into the grounds of Sutton Place, Guildford, to the recent U.N.A. Fête and Rally, where they listened to speeches by Mr. Anthony Eden, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Sutherland, the Mayor of Guildford and Mr. Somerset de Chair.

Mr. Anthony Eden who had flown back from Germany that morning just in time for the meeting, spoke with great force. He uttered the feelings of so many of us when he said "the strongest motive in mankind to-day was a deep and earnest craving for peace and security, a period of tranquillity and an opportunity to go about our daily work free from fear." The Duke of Sutherland, chairman of the Rally, spoke first, and explained what a splendid job U.N.A., which is sponsored by all three political parties, was doing.

Many people later queued up at the recruiting table to join this Association. With the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland on the platform were the Belgian Ambassador and Vicomtesse Obert de Theusies, the Turkish Ambassador, Mme. Bianchi (the Chilean Ambassador could not get down in time for the speeches, but arrived later), Lord and Lady McGowan, Sir Noel and Lady Charles, Lord Ashfield, Viscountess Jowitt, Mrs. Somerset de Chair, Sir Bede and Lady Clifford and Commander and Mrs. McGrath. Unfortunately the weather was not too kind and towards the end of the speeches it started to rain and continued for the rest of the afternoon, but this did not prevent people watching the Punch and Judy Show later, or the National Folk-dancing, and other attractions which had been arranged. But I think the most popular attraction was a tour of the historic mansion, which was built between 1520 and 1530 by Sir Richard Weston and is to-day in perfect condition.

**T**HE DUCHESS OF KENT joined the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice's party for the very successful Diamond Jubilee Ball held at the Savoy recently in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing Jubilee Appeal. Over 500 tickets were sold, and a splendid sum was raised towards the target of £40,000. The Earl of Athlone is chairman of this Appeal, and among other guests at his table that evening were Lady Rachel Davidson, who was in-waiting to the Duchess, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Col. George Burns, Mr. Arthur Collins and Capt. Philip Profumo.

Mrs. Attlee, who was chairman of the Ball Committee, had a party including her daughter Felicity, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lonsdale-Hands with their daughter Andrée, and Mr. William McClintock. Others who brought parties included Mrs. Lionel Heald, who is vice-chairman of the Appeal committee, and shared a table with the Earl and Countess of Lindsay. Lady May Abel-Smith had a party at her table next to her parents, while others who came to support this very good cause included Viscountess Boyne, Caroline Viscountess Bridgeman, Lady Brocket and Lady Eastwood.



*Watching the runners going to the starting-post at this most pastoral of English racecourses*

*"The Tatler" saw—*

## A DAY'S GOOD RACING AT SUNLIT SANDOWN PARK

With Many Other Spectators Who Watched Petition Win the Eclipse  
in a Triumph of Racing Strategy



*The Earl and Countess of Seston, down from the North. The Earl is a prominent owner and breeder*



*The Maharaja of Baroda's Makarpura, C. Smirke up, who easily won the Great Kingston Plate*



*Miss Catherine de Trafford with Lady Anne Cavendish, younger daughter of the Duke of Devonshire*



Michael Beary, who won the Ditton Sprint Handicap on Good View, talking to Mrs. John Ward



Mr. J. A. Dewar, the owner and breeder, was among those walking in the paddock



Mrs. Ralph Raphael and Mrs. A. Lyons discuss the form of the Eclipse runners after consulting their race-cards



Miss Alison Pease and Mr. Charles Wingfield watching the runners parade



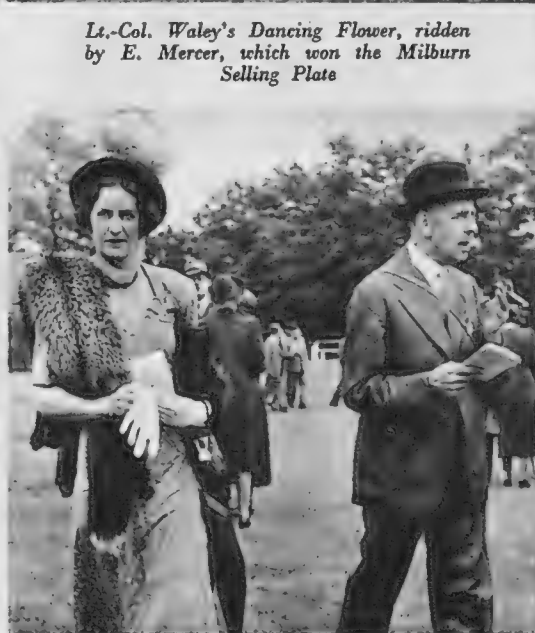
Lt.-Col. Waley's Dancing Flower, ridden by E. Mercer, which won the Milburn Selling Plate



Major E. D. Metcalfe was there with his eldest son, Mr. David Metcalfe



Lady Willoughby de Broke (right) with Mrs. J. V. Rank, who, as well as her husband, is an owner



Mrs. V. Ogilvie and Capt. G. A. Greig were also among the visitors to this very popular meeting



Photographs by Swache  
Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Porchester, Major-Gen. John Combe and Lady Willoughby de Broke



At the Londonderry House reception: Mr. Francis Dashwood, Miss Monica Stourton, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Miss Pamela Bevan, Miss Georgina Fox, Mr. David Gibbs, and the Hon. Grania O'Brien. A photograph of the bride and bridegroom will be found on the first page of this issue

## Bridesmaids and Guests at the Wedding of Miss Raine McCorquodale and Mr. Gerald Legge



Miss Rose Grimston, Lady Caroline Thynne and Miss Catherine de Trafford were three of the sixteen bridesmaids



Mrs. Hugh Rose and Mrs. George Philippi leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

Lady de Trafford with her third daughter, Miss Violet de Trafford

Lord and Lady Ebbisham, followed by Lady Warner and Miss Warner



Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, mother of the bride, with Mr. Humphry Legge, father of the bridegroom



Capt. Davidson and Mrs. Hugh Cairns with the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys, wife of Lord Dynevor's heir

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seeley with the Hon. Charmian Wilson and her mother, Lady Mary Alexander



Lady Huntingfield with Sir Gifford and Lady Fox and their daughter, Miss Georgina Fox



Lady Brabourne with her parents, Earl and Countess Mountbatten



Mrs. Cartland, the bride's grandmother, with the bridegroom's uncle, the Earl of Dartmouth



## Priscilla of Paris Seaside Frolics

**THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.**—There is joy in my heart and juice to feed Miss Chrysler's carburettor. What more can I want? Never have two old friends taken to the roads to-day. Her rusty radiator looks like gun-metal, and after a few *kilomètres* a kindly film of dust hides the wear, tear and scars of the years that have been both happy and catastrophic.

Come to think of it, I am insulting her. In my eyes she is far more beautiful than the garish chestnut-roasters we see on the roads to-day. Her rusty radiator looks like gun-metal, and after a few *kilomètres* a kindly film of dust hides the wear, tear and scars of the years that have been both happy and catastrophic.

We arrived at the causeway leading to the Island in the midst of the noonday hush. The tide was still on the ebb, and in the pools that had not yet drained away, the orange and violet hues of stranded starfish were as gay as the wild flowers of the inland meadows and the jellyfish were iridescent in the sunshine. Elsewhere it was raining!

THE little low house on the dune—"Farm"—is a courtesy title really—awaited us, garnished but not swept. The lady from the village who obliges by occasionally opening and airing the place during the winter (or says she does, which is not quite the same thing), had laid every crock and vase with flowers, but had neglected the cobwebs. Bless her, nevertheless, the new-laid eggs, fat and brown, were in a basket on the table, together with a pot of butter, a dish of fresh-caught prawns, and a big, crusty roll of *pain de ménage*.

We arrived in time for the local celebration of the National Holiday. Speeches, fanfares and fireworks. M. le Maire, in his Sunday blacks, tricolor sash and chestful of medals, reviewed the fire brigade (uniforms of a variety beyond belief) and the gymnasts (white ducks, sun-bleached and laundered by loving hands). Flowers were placed upon the War Memorial, and we all sang the Marseillaise . . . in various keys and some "la-la-ing" when memory failed.

THE great event this year was the ball at the Château. It is a tiny stronghold, dating from the eleventh century, with a drawbridge and a moat, but the former is "down" for keeps and the latter is a wide, weed-grown ditch in which the children play and hardy chickens scratch for worms.

During the two world wars the yard-thick walls housed German prisoners; last summer they were still working in the fields, but now the grey, ivy-covered building stands empty again except for the tourists who climb to the battlements to enjoy the view over the salt marshes and are bemused by the dazzling expanse of the Atlantic beyond.

The ball took place in the guardhouse, and the crowd, in numbers, vied with any of the



**King Frederik IX. of Denmark with Queen Ingrid and their three daughters, Princesses Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne-Marie, a picture taken at their summer home near Copenhagen. They are sitting under a painting of the King's great-great-grandfather, Prince Frederik, younger son of Frederik V. The Queen and her eldest and youngest daughter were recently injured in a car accident**

recent Parisian galas. We all turned out to watch the locals enter, but there was no ill-natured quizzing, and many who came to smile remained to simmer . . . for it was extremely hot on the crowded floor that would have been all the better for a spot of polish. But what could one expect for ten francs, which was the price of admission?

There were so many entrants that the tickets gave out, and there was a grand poll-scratching contest between the doorkeepers until the postmaster had the brilliant idea of applying obliteration stamps to whatever part of one's anatomy was handiest. Beach costumes presented a certain scope. Great fun and merriment, but the merriment became mere lament later when pumice-stone had to be applied to sunburned torsos.

Real sadness came our way next day when we heard of the death of that very great actress

Marguerite Moreno, who has often been seen on the screen in London, and whom all theatre-going visitors saw in *La Folle de Chaillot* last year. This autumn she was to have appeared in Bernard Zimmer's French adaptation of *Whiteoaks*, playing the rôle of the centenarian so brilliantly created by Nancy Price.

*Voilà!*

● Marguerite Moreno was as witty a woman as she was a great actress. Speaking of an elderly friend who married unwisely, she said recently: "The errors of old age are not so dangerous as those of extreme youth. . . . They don't last so long!"

# THE ROYAL ARCHERS SHOOT FOR THE SELKIRK SILVER ARROW

Photographs by R Clapperton, Selkirk



Capt. H. K. Salvesen, the previous holder of the Silver Arrow, takes his stance to open the afternoon's shooting



Brigadier T. Grainger Stewart, leader of the shooting party and eventual winner

## The King's Bodyguard Continues a

IN 1818 Sir Walter Scott discovered in the charter chest of the Royal Burgh of Selkirk the Silver Arrow, an archers' trophy which had been competed for in the seventeenth century and probably much earlier. It had been forgotten since 1728, but Sir Walter revived the meeting and arranged for the first visit to Selkirk for 150 years of the Royal Company of Archers (the King's Bodyguard for Scotland), traditional custodians of the Arrow.

Since then the Royal Archers have visited Selkirk on several occasions,

the last before the war being in 1936. This year's ceremony, therefore, brought this old Border custom to the notice of a new generation. Sixteen shooting members of the Royal Company under Brigadier Grainger Stewart, T.D., M.C., A.D.C., wearing dark-green uniforms with Balmoral caps and eagle pinion feathers, invited civic dignitaries of Selkirk to lunch, and in return were presented by the Town Council, through the Provost, with the ancient gift of a riddle (sieve) of fourteen bottles of wine. The toast of "The Mark" was



The party marches through the Royal Burgh to the Haining, in their dark-green uniforms and Balmoral caps with eagle pinions, headed by their own pipers and drummers



Giving the King's Salute at the close of the shoot, which was held at the Haining, a part of Ettrick Forest formerly preserved for the Kings of Scotland to hunt



the Silver Arrow, takes aim

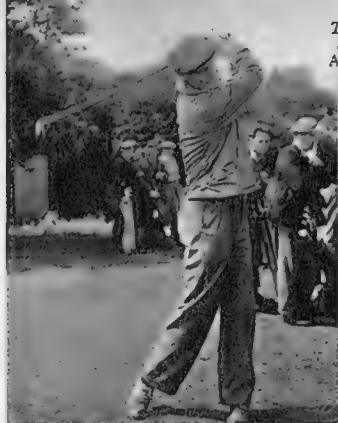
## Ancient Custom

men drunk and, headed by their own pipers and drummers, also the Burgh officers of Selkirk carrying halberds and the Silver Arrow, the party marched to Ettrick Forest to shoot over a 180-yard range.

At this distance it is extremely difficult to hit the target, but there was some excellent archery throughout the 20 hours of the competition. The Silver Arrow was finally won by Brigadier Grainger Stewart, and it was presented to him by Provost Burrell at the tea which concluded the meeting.



Major-Gen. Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott, Bt., of Abbotsford (right), a descendant of the novelist, and a Brigadier of the King's Bodyguard, receiving the riddle of wine. Next to him is Provost Burrell



Mr. W. A. Gunn, of Rangoon, driving off at Walton Heath



Sir William Gowers; Mr. Arthur Hacking, Lord Hacking and Lt.-Col. S. R. Boyd at the second annual post-war dinner of the Lucifer Golfing Society, when 100 Empire golfers were entertained after a match at Walton Heath

## The Lucifer Society Entertains Empire Golfers



Viscount Bruce, of Melbourne, of the Lucifer Society, was a competitor



Lord Brabazon and Lord Wardington, who both gave speeches at the dinner at the Savoy



Mr. F. Simonis with Brig.-Gen. Sir R. Fitzpatrick, formerly National Chairman, British Legion



Mr. R. W. Kent (Rangoon Club), another of the Lucifer's guests



Lt.-Cdr. G. Paxton and Major A. Pemberton discuss points of the day's play



Mr. A. Morse, from Hong-Kong, talking to Mr. Leslie Hendriks at the dinner



Lt.-Col. S. R. Boyd, of the Royal Nairobi Club, completes a powerful drive



Major-Gen. A. J. Boase, Australian Army representative in U.K., Sir Frederic Hamilton and Lord Teviot



Lord Hatherton, Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, a former Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, and Col. C. F. Stanley

Decorations by  
Wysard



"... realistic little cameos of the English countryside"

## Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**B**ICYCLES and to some extent (as an assize-judge recently commented) bigamy being among the major preoccupations of the citizens of Birmingham—see *British Sports and Pastimes*, Midland Area—one can perhaps understand why 11 of the 16 teams entered for the recent final of the English Bridge Union competitions in that city failed to appear. A matter of principle, no doubt.

Without knowing the Portland Club's official attitude towards bigamy, we should say that body most likely disapproves of the sister-sport. Good bridge-players tell us that one silent bigamist in a card-room can upset a dozen tables simply by communicating his mental fever in a psychic way. If, as so often happens, he is impelled by exhibitionism to show off, the situation may become tedious and even embarrassing. Thus:

O.: I assume your signal means that you do not wish me to force a re-entry in diamonds?

A.: No, I just want you all to stop this foolery while I tell you about my wives Amabel, Yolande, "Dinty," Babs, and a tall girl I married yesterday *en série*—I can't think of her name for the moment, I'm good at faces but terrible at names.

This makes serious bridge a farce. Add to bigamy a simultaneous obsession with sprockets and speed-gear and dropped handlebars, as in Birmingham, and bridge becomes nearly as impossible as many of its players. Good for you, E.B.U. absentees. May your glossy cuffs never lack a spare ace, sports.

### Handicap

**A** CRITIC describing the latest Hamlet as "more frightened than furious" supplies the final key to Hamlet's mental state, which has baffled so many pedants. Just fright, based most likely on the old familiar neurosis known in Harley Street as *histrionoclaustrophobia*, the terror of being trapped in an enclosed space with a lot of wild actors.

Having a few well-known actors, charming fellows, dear persons, among our friends, we may say the boys frankly deplored this condition, of which nosebleed in the stalls is a common first symptom. The nosebleed afflicting many citizens at literary gatherings is a different scourge, caused by viewing booksy girls at close quarters. When we belonged to the P.E.N. Club we were constantly led out for this reason. The then International President, the eminent Blasco Ibañez, was most sympathetic to begin with. Not so the onlookers. Typical scene:

IBANEZ: Comrades, he bleeds! It is pure love of Literature! *Olé! Hombro*, we salute you!

A BOOKSY GIRL: Literature my left foot.

2ND B.G.: That's right, Gertie, I been keeping my eye on him, some time I have. It's a blinking disgrace.

A CRITIC: A nasty type. Definitely nasty.

Ultimately Ibañez was won over and we thought it best to resign. Maybe Hamlet had

to face the same hostility. Anyway, we don't make the same un-English fuss over a humiliating but unavoidable handicap.

### Cymric

**W**HILE we rather deprecate a vivacious fellow-Celt's recent dismissal of all Tories as "vermin"—many Tories are awfully clean—we don't think his later dismissal of the entire Anglo-Saxon Race as "bovine and phlegmatic" is anything to raise a howl about. Snarls from the conquered are part of the White Man's Burden, and as every visitor to Wales is aware, such things couldn't happen if the Roman had taken us properly in hand (see Kipling).

As a Celt we never mind being held at arm's-length by white men. In some of the mud-kraals of our native country old women crouch by the hearthstone invoking curses on the invaders and making strong magic against them, but we are the first to chide them gently. "Dear Mrs. Jones," we say, "do not abuse the Light-Bringers thus! Speak them fair and softly, Mrs. Jones *fach*," we say, "and they will produce rich gifts, such as celluloid mirrors and trade-cotton, cheap clockwork toys and glass beads of exquisite colour." The heat is then turned on us and we duck out.

### Arcadiana

**N**OT so long ago the verse of what may be called the Lust-and-Loam School was highly popular with the Race, the poets concerned specialising in realistic little cameos of the English countryside, beginning somewhat thus:

"The drumbling trollop,  
I'll make 'un bleed,  
I'll gie 'un a wallop!"  
Said Farmer Seed.

The black old man  
As he went past  
Knifed his girl Nan,  
Muttering "Blast!" . . .

A family massacre usually developed, you may remember, all surviving inmates of Starvegoose Farm being duly hanged except Mucky Moll, who went mad on the streets of Bristol. A significant silence on this topic in a recent BBC broadcast on current agricultural conditions seemed to imply that circumstances have changed. They indeed have, we learn; not because farmers are nicer but because any spare time they have is now filled with homework for the Min. of Agriculture. The point should perhaps have been more clearly brought out by the compère:

"No time even for incest, Mr. Mangles?"

(Mumble, mumble.)

"Dear me! Forms, forms, forms!" (Insincere laughter.)

Forced penmanship has not, however, killed the rural pastime of anonymous letters, one gathers from the newspapers. So England is merrier yet.

### Wossat?

**Y**EARS ago in a Hulbert revue there was a song with a refrain of profound social and economic implications:

"What makes the Business Man Tired?  
Only a Business Man knows."

Gossip-boys, we observe from a recent cry of respectful sympathy with a huge, fatigued financial mogul, are still leaving the question feebly at that, deeming it unanswerable, maybe. But is it? May we remind you of Somerset Maugham's conjectural solution a little time ago, namely an English word of eleven letters, ending in "—ation"?

We give it you, as Mme. de Sévigné would say laughingly, in five, we give it you in fifty. When discovered, keep it under your bowler—we don't want any trouble with Razor Charley or the Fenchurch Street gang.

### Finesse

**I**NSTEAD of moaning (as recently) about hard luck on the West End stage, youthful playwrights should pull up their socks and take example by their celebrated 18th-century predecessor, the fashionable wit, actor-manager, and playwright Foote.

Having put the bigamous Duchess of Kingston into a Haymarket piece called *A Trip to Calais*, as Lady Kitty Crocodile, Foote called and read his work to her Grace, mentioning in due course that his price for keeping it off the stage was two thousand guineas. She managed to beat him down to sixteen hundred, and actually wrote a cheque. Then, like a fool, Foote deemed her easy money, put his price up, and lost the lot.

You pipe up and allege that there are probably few bigamous duchesses to be blackmailed nowadays. We say it is the young playwright's art, when invited to the servants' hall, to find out these things from the butler. You say no butler would let any outsider in on a good racket. We say any young playwright worth West End production could double-cross a butler, whose dignity would infallibly handicap him. However, the whole operation needs finesse, and judging by the boys' stage-work we doubt if most of them could carry it through.



"the Fenchurch Street gang"



Miss R. Malcolson, of Ballyvoughan House, Clonmel, on Obby, receiving the cup for the Open Championship of the Ballinamult, Co. Waterford, Show Jumping Society Trials. The cup is being presented to her by Mrs. M. McCarthy, of Clonmel. This is the second year these very successful trials have been held

Keating, Clonmel

## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

At this moment, when we are all like that little dust which dances before a wind, it may sound a bit paltry and futile to talk about such things as whether Black Tarquin's public trial against even so good a four-year-old as Tenerani is good enough to turn him into a Leger winner, or whether the Selectors ought to have dropped A, B, C instead of X, Y, Z, and it might be said that, if we do make these things our leading topics of gossip or wrangling, we shall deserve all that the poet Kipling said about flannelled fools and muddled oafs.

Yet it is not so. Anything which serves to maintain balance or, in homelier terms, helps us to keep our hair on, when it seems as if the fur might begin to fly at any moment, is neither paltry nor futile. It steadies things up just as much as did what the dear old lady said to the little boy, who rushed in crying: "Run for your life! The house is a-fire!" "Yes, dear," she said. "But you might first go and put your trousers on."

We may all be just phantom figures in this magic show played in this box whose candle is the sun, but we may just as well keep decorum, and not be shooed off the Test Match or Black Tarquin! They are very good anti-toxins. A postscript: There is a good old tag which says that it is permissible to learn even from the enemy. I would substitute for the word "*licet*" the word "*debet*."

## A Dead Market

Not even Black Tarquin's great battle at Ascot managed to kick things into so much as a trot where the Leger is concerned. At the Victoria Club call-over a few days after the race, an offer of 1,000 to 80 was hardly heeded, and there is no business worth a tinker's malediction about the four they have put top of the class: My Love (5-2), My Babu (5-1), Royal Drake and Noor (10-1 each). Whether this flaccid state was due to the general lack of spending money, the ugly faces being made by Attila's first cousin, or merely to seasonal doldrums, who knows! The fact remains that this call-over, like its immediate predecessors, was just a farce and a waste of good time.

Whether things will brighten up during the next four weeks, who dare say: but it will be a healthy sign if they do, in spite of all that is being said about the wickedness of gambling, especially betting on horse races. So far as this much-discussed Black Tarquin is concerned, there is a good deal to be said for and against

that valiant effort to stem the Roman invasion by a horse probably fuller of the best blood in the British Stud Book than anything we can produce here. Six lines to St. Simon is not very Roman! First of all it was a very solid 1½-mile gallop, and, in addition to the winner, there were some good ones mixed up in it. Auralia, Nirgal, Mombasa, for instance, to make no mention of Mr. H. G. Blagrove's outsider, Honorable II., who looked quite dangerous until about a quarter of a mile from home.

On the other hand, Black Tarquin was getting a big concession of 1 st. 4 lb., and had a stone less on his back (8-0) than he will have in the Leger. Most people at Ascot thought he had won it, but the camera said "No." It is not very material, for the whisker by which he was beaten is as good as a win. He is a hurling big colt, well knit and well balanced, and if Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who is a specialist, thinks him good enough to beat My Love on September 11th what have you or I to say about it?

This Ascot race is proof positive of at any rate one thing, namely, that Epsom was not Black Tarquin's pair of trousers. Few people believed that it was. Doncaster is entirely different; so

is the distance. There is also this to be seriously considered: My Love's win at Longchamp over a 1 mile 7 furlongs. Members of the jury, these are the facts. You will now retire and consider your verdict!

## Indian Epitaph

It is not quite certain whether Mr. Hilton Brown's interesting scrapbook, *The Sahibs* (William Hodge and Co.; 15s.), has been given the best title, since only a few of the people mentioned in the extremely numerous extracts from past history can be held to have any claim to that designation. One thing however emerges from this laborious collection, the complete corroboration of the fact that the moment the supply of Sahibs began to dry up at any time, the prestige of the white man declined till it dropped to the level of the young men of Firpo's Restaurant in modern Calcutta.

But Calcutta was not the only place. India is a country in which the indigenous inhabitant has a lightning gift of perception of what is *comme il faut* and what is not. One false move and the game is lost. India always knew that the Asah Sahib was a person who would not let her down—and he never did—and she was absolutely unerring in picking him out. It is not difficult for anyone who has ever "swam in a gondola"; just as easy, in fact, as picking out "Mr. Thickens," who asks you to "give his love to Algy and Minna," whom you happen to know have not honoured him with even a nodding acquaintanceship and have not the slightest intention of so doing.

What a desperate thing is that inferiority complex, and how painful to encounter! If Henry VIII. had been a Sahib he never would have sent the scum of his mercenaries to fight the Borderers and Lowlanders at Ancrum (1545 the Lowland Rising). He would have sent a Sahib commanding crack regular troops, and then there might have been no fight, for skull-splitting, blood-spattering ruffians as may have been the Elliots and Armstrongs, who "rode thieves all," the Scotts and Kerrs and Johnstons and Maxwells, and Kinmont Wullie, and Buccleuch of Branksome, they would have understood a Sahib and the fight, if any, would have been a clean one. The other kind who hit below the belt they could not stomach.

Same thing with India! It is a place where picking 'em is absolutely vital. Henry VIII. would have made a hopeless mess of it.

## BRIGGS—by Graham



# EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS

(NO. 10)

A species in which the phenomenon of reversed flight is associated with a malevolent sense of fun

**ADULT MALE:** General colour above ruddy, inclined to be ruddier when the bird's powers of communication fail; crested with leathery appendages; heavily tufted below the beak; beak long and hop-coloured; mandibles bluish; body feathers, upper coverts leathery inclined to woolliness at the extremities, under coverts astral blue; shanks blue, woolly tufts at the knee-joints, leathery below.

**HABITS:** This lonely little member of the Warrior Warbler genus has many peculiar habits. The bird is most amusing to watch when in flight: singularly so as it flies backwards—at the worst of times an amusing sight. It never takes to the air alone, except, of course, in unusual circumstances; but normally flies in the proximity of two or more members of its sub-order: these latter flying in the accepted manner. It would appear that the Tail-End Charleo is used as a guard for the leaders of its flight—their tails being rather precious. This peculiar reverse racketing of the Charleo's is inclined to explain its lonely demeanour; it only sees what is coming after it has passed. It must be admitted, however, that the bird appears to find some amusement in ejecting odd little metallic gewgaws at any passing object: this latter habit annoying the senior and older members of the sub-order; and causing the smaller ground birds many an anxious moment.

**HABITATS:** The bird may be found gazing critically at any matter that grows or exists under glass: it will gaze far more fondly at all matter that has been in a glass. It will nest and roost happily with the other members of its sub-order: at this time it eats and drinks in the recognised manner, reserving its oddities for when it is upon the wing.



The Tufted Turret Creeper—or Tail-End Charleo

(Don't know who is—Ee just follows us about)

## Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Glasgow

**T**HIS is the time of that familiar, but only privately reported game, Closing the Club.

We arrive at the front door, full of luggage and the joys of sociability; by a reckless honorarium we persuade our taxi-driver, or wheelbarrow-man, to forget the luggage and remember the joys; we turn sharply round, and smack goes our cokenut against a Notice of Closure; and wallop, with it, goes our surge towards brotherhood and Universilateral Reciprocity.

**I**T is those of us who are furthest behind the clock with the subscription who get angriest, and turn with unholiest glee and widest vocabulary to that indoor-and-outdoor game, Cursing the Committee. But Committees don't care. That is the secret of their success and silvery smiles. So, soon, we lay off cursing, for even London policemen raise the interrogatory eyebrow at blokes who stand alone under Georgian porticoes and take ten minutes to return to Point A in malediction.

But, and perhaps more importantly, what sort of games go on inside the Club during Closure Time? I mean, during those unspeakable and unspeaking days and nights of Trek, when the inconsolable emigrants are driving their reluctant hosts dotty by boozing what's left of the whisky, snoozing in the wrong chairs, and filling in

The Times cross-word as it's never been filled in before?

In short, what is happening in your Club now? I will tell you, for I am a benevolent and informative man, and, unlike Mr. Samuel Weller, I have the power "to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door."

**G**AMES are being played. In the pantry, while a companionable kettle comes to the boil, Mrs. Bucket and Mr. Wallpaper are engaged in Armenian Picquet. On your favourite sofa in the library, Mrs. Duster, domestic considerations forgotten, her feet slightly above the level of her head, is laughing disparagingly over an article in the *Economist* on the Meaning of Money. So much for daytime. And when darkness falls? As fall it must. Well, there floats to mind a stanza from the sage A. P. Herbert—

*All night they hold these hideous larks  
And horrify the street  
With pharmaceutical remarks  
Which I must not repeat—*

Ah! The Stately Clubs of England. As Noel Coward will one day write.

**M**EANWHILE, as the Fourth Test match is thundering off into history and the Fifth is lumbering up for romantic speculation, let us

bring a little Bank Holiday into the soul with lighter thoughts: Kent *versus* Nottinghamshire on the St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury; gay-flagged marquees, within which lovers, and perhaps lunatics and poets also, forget the cares of cricket and the world in laughter and Bacchus. Ebbw Vale; Glamorgan receiving Gloucestershire in a valley where even the leg-byes come in for a cheer; a new-inspired Glamorgan; good luck and good fun to both, entertainers and entertained.

**W**ESTON-SUPER-MARE; Somerset at home to Sussex; more marquees, more gay flags, more lovers, lunatics, poets, carelessness, laughter, and Bacchus. And more good cricket, too, on that loved and remembered ground where father with cummerbund and hope brings in junior with spade-and-bucket and happy ignorance, where deck-chairs go off with a bang after lunch, and the less attentive members go off with an idea after tea.





*Mrs. Dorothy Livingston, who trains ponies at Epsom for racing, watches with some of her staff the feed being prepared. Mrs. Livingston, who started her racing career in 1930 by winning a gymkhana event in Essex, has trained horses ever since, except during the war, when she was first in the M.T.C. and then in the W.A.A.C. Her husband, an American who served in the R.A.M.C., has a medical practice at Epsom*

Tasker, Press Illustrations

Elizabeth Bowen's

## Book Reviews

"46 Not Out"

"Bel-Ami"

"Two Lovely Beasts"

MR. R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW's autobiography, *46 Not Out* (Hollis and Carter; 10s. 6d.), is the sort of thing which, he says, "should be done in the flower of life, before age has brought either the cynicism which smiles so irritably on all human endeavour or the complacency which sits back and awaits the opening of the golden gates." True. May one add, there are two qualities which, in a life well lived, come with the flower of life—perspective and equanimity. Both are invaluable in writing, most of all in the writing of autobiography; both are in evidence from the first to last page of this book of Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's.

Here is someone who neither wears blinkers nor flaunts the fashionable pessimism. Here, also, someone with the rare gift of relating one thing to another, and of evaluating. Obviously, a great number of readers—drawn at once by the title and by the author's name—will be looking for cricket; and cricket indeed there is: the cricketing chapters are superb. You will find, I think, that in addition to the descriptive power long known to us in Robertson-Glasgow's columns, with their conveyance of style in play through the unostentatious use of a style in writing, there is something that the spaciousness of a book as opposed to the space-limits of a column has made it possible to expand—an appreciation not only of the character of the game, but of the play which, as a game, cricket allows to character.

CELEBRATED writers about cricket would not, in fact, appear to be drawn from the ranks of those who regard life as one great cricket field. On the contrary, the more you know about other things (I should say), the more you know about cricket. *46 Not Out*, at least, supports this contention: temperament, scholarship, an animated interest in a surprising diversity of human beings, and an unflustered but incessant reaction to world events, all play a part in it.

Life has kept this autobiographer on the move; even childhood had a rapid change of locale, from a Scottish country house through a

whole gamut of London houses, boarding-houses and small hotels—the interest to be got by a small boy from the peculiarities of every new set of surroundings is well portrayed.

However, there can be too much of this; therefore Mr. Robertson-Glasgow attached himself with particular affection to his preparatory school at Hindhead, which he speaks of as having been, in those youthful years, his second and even sometimes his first home. After that, Charterhouse; then, Oxford. Both the public school, during World War I., and the University, in the years immediately following, yield up telling pictures of time and place.

THE account of that post-war Oxford, in which a number of the undergraduates were war veterans, will be read with interest by those either at or in touch with the post-war Oxford of now. Apart from that, this is one of the best accounts of the Oxford of a particular time we have had from anyone of Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's generation. Oxford has, in the good sense, stamped him, without giving him that sentimental fixation which makes some Britishers maunder over the vanished golden days. Though, in his salute to what the University, as he knew it, stood for, there appears one of his, infrequent, touches of pessimism:—

The old learning, the love of a craft for its own sake, of truth not dressed for the party, of service with individualism, is hurrying away from the earth, and will soon be only a footprint. The genius of Greece and the discipline of Rome limp together, amid fat-gutted jeers and fat-headed slander, into the mud of materialism. The world shakes under the feet of the Dunces.

This we can but feel—but cannot the rot be stopped? Mr. Robertson-Glasgow, not only in the above, but again and again in other things that he says, makes himself spokesman of a resistance movement which to-day is gathering force and needs all the force it can get: it is something not so much political (for it could embrace men of good will from all parties) but

moral. His tribute to the integrity of the country gentry, as exemplified by his father (p. 193), shows, again, something valuable in his attitude to life. So, implicitly, does his view of the past, present and future of cricket reporting:—

Cricket reporting used to be a solemn affair, and the Press Box, anyhow at Lord's, recalled the Silence Room of a Carnegie Library in Scotland. Small wonder, then, that the reports emanating from these precincts were as severe as a written judgment from Chancery. Humour was almost unknown, and cricket was conveyed to the reading public with a gentility which seemed to imply a rebuke to haster and more vulgar pastimes.

The pendulum has swung full distance. Dullness is feared and avoided. So, unfortunately, is fact. The News Room has invaded Sport, and, on the occasion of Test Matches, the cricket correspondent is often reinforced by a columnist or news-hawk. . . . The technique of the game now ranks far below the "story," and you will often hear reporters, at the end of a full day's cricket, lamenting that "nothing has happened." No one has fallen dead while taking guard, or been arrested while placing the field.

In my own reports of cricket matches, I tried for naturalism. Flippancy was never far absent, because cricketers, especially bowlers, need flippancy to live and to avoid going a little queer. I was doomed, therefore, to affront those to whom cricket is a quasi-religion.

THIS book is full of great players and great matches. There are unheated examinations of several controversies. Mr. Robertson-Glasgow's memories as a player link and merge, ideally, with his memories as a correspondent: there is extraordinary pungency throughout—and not less pungency in the accounts of Fleet Street. The attractiveness of the "naturalism" of the Robertson-Glasgow reporting has for a long time demonstrated itself—your reviewer, in feeling she must admit she had felt nearer cricket when reading one of his columns than when watching a match, may be one of many. Here is—among many other

things—cricket history; written as history should be, with a philosophy and from an angle of the writer's own.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S *Bel-Ami*, translated into English by Eric Sutton, appears in Messrs. Hamish Hamilton's "Novel Library," price 6s. This appearance is an event: it places Maupassant's masterpiece, for judgment, alongside the fiction-literature of the world—with the work of Voltaire, Jane Austen, Defoe, Henry James, Gogol, Swift, Walter Scott, Dickens, Turgenev, Flaubert, Balzac and Fielding. The occasion, I think, demands reconsideration of an admittedly fascinating but, some would say, hateful novel.

Maupassant is, in fact, being offered the position that he deserves. In this country—as, indeed, in some parts of his own—the idea that he is a "naughty" writer has evaporated only extremely slowly. *Bel-Ami* certainly does, in its plot and flavour, correspond with the Victorian-British abstract idea of "a French novel"—the type of thing toyed with by profligate younger sons on the road to ruin. (In fact, in a British novel of the day, any character with an addiction to the reading of French novels might almost always be known to be marked for vice.) Balzac, Stendhal and Flaubert were not excepted—it was recalled that even the French themselves had taken exception to *Madame Bovary*.

At the same time, the reading of those three masters involved a sternish intellectual effort, from which corruptible British young were likely to be deterred by slackness. Maupassant was another kettle of fish—he was dangerously easy to read. That he could be sought out, read, and highly esteemed for anything but the lowest reasons remained, for quite a long time, inconceivable.

MAUPASSANT still is shocking, but not in the old sense—he is shocking to the heart. His pictures of cruelty and ruthlessness take one's breath away. It is the cruelty of Georges Duroy, hero of *Bel-Ami*, rather than his amorality, which seems terrible now. He is the businesslike and matter-of-fact seducer, or would-be seducer, of almost every woman who crosses his path; he is incapable of love; his campaign of so-called love has a double root of self-interest and vanity. What is damnable about him in the modern view is that he outrages other people's feelings. Is respect for feeling, perhaps, the base of our new morality?

Since Maupassant's day, the Anglo-Saxon language has given birth, here in this country and in America, to novels far more licentious than *Bel-Ami*—we have tale after tale of which the heroes and heroines consider they owe it to themselves to romp through as many love-affairs as possible. Such novels, into which, no doubt, commendable effort goes, are often marred by an absolute lack of grip—of the subject, of the characters, of what is happening. Though earnest, they are fundamentally unserious.

Maupassant is serious—though he writes so impassively, so objectively, though he may seem to be taking as his subject nothing more than appetite or frivolity, he is all the time driving in the full, dire implication of *what is happening*. His insatiable love of life, his uncontrollable fear of death are both to be felt, at their strongest, in *Bel-Ami*—story of a lusty

young Norman not, perhaps, unlike himself in youth.

GEORGES DUROY, nicknamed Bel-Ami, is," says the writer of the Preface, "the supreme cad of fiction." We first meet him as a demobilised non-commissioned officer, back from French North Africa, prowling about the glittering boulevards of Paris of the 1880's on a hot night, with big ideas and no money in his pocket—his wretched weekly salary as clerk in a railway office has long ago been spent. A chance encounter with an old friend is to set Duroy upon the road to fortune. Morally, Maupassant "places" Duroy, from the very first:—

His native Norman conscience, rather coarsened by the daily round of garrison life, strained by the example of African speculations and dubious dealings, stimulated also by military ideas of honour, army bravado and patriotic sentiment, dashing exploits as recounted by subalterns, and the swagger inseparable from the profession, had become a sort of three-bottomed box in which a little of everything was to be found. But, above all, he wanted to succeed.

And succeed he does—mainly, though not entirely, by exploiting his fascination for women. This is a success-story calculated to inspire a revulsion against success. It is a story magnificently told in terms of sensation; full of unforgettable pictures—Duroy confronting himself, in his hired tail-coat, in the mirror on the Forestiers' landing; Madeleine Forestier, in her white wrapper, smoking and gesturing with her cigarette on a sunny morning; Charles Forestier's death in the South of France; the honeymoon in Normandy; the terrible conversation in the church; the spectacular evening party at the Walters' . . .

It is a story, at the same time, mercilessly without illusions, in which the stale and tawdry underside of pleasure is reproduced. And it is, I think, an indictment of what we do still feel constitutes sin: unlovingness. To an extent, it is a period piece—in a sense that perhaps the greatest novels are not. Decidedly, *Bel-Ami* is a book for adults—though the very young of to-day could easily find it no more than comic or dull.

TWO LOVELY BEASTS" (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.) is a book of short stories by Liam O'Flaherty. This outstanding Irish writer has loosened up his style since the days when he gave us *The Informer*, *The Assassin* and *Mr. Gilhooley's Mistress*. He has abandoned a taut and staccato manner, which, though occasionally carried too far, was powerful, in favour of what now sometimes seems to be a careless, casual flow of words. His original occasional resemblance to the above Maupassant has, thus, totally vanished: he does retain harshness but seems to have lost discipline.

Of this collection, I can only say that, as a collection, it is unequal—the title story (the "Two Lovely Beasts" being two bull calves) is admirable; "The Bath" is comedy somewhat in the manner of Somerville and Ross; and "The Parting" is, in a jagged way, deeply moving. But several more, such as "The Wedding," strike me as over-lengthy and out of hand. The animal stories have something—as O'Flaherty animal stories have always had. On the whole, however, I find a certain regrettable "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude about this latest collection.

## Winifred Lewis on Fashions



THERE was a remarkable social and political exodus to Peckham one evening recently for the first showing of the film documentary *The Centre*, which Paul Roitha has made, with Government blessing, on the theme of the Health Centres so widely known as the "Peckham Experiment."

This was a *première* with a difference, distinguished by the presence of her Majesty

Queen Mary, many members of the Cabinet and their wives, intermingling with the less-exalted to whom the Peckham Centre is a local and living reality.

It was no gathering of fashion in the strict sense of the term, yet I was impressed (not for the first time at such cosmopolitan affairs) with the excellent standards of dress to which the Ordinary Englishwoman now attains.

Few tributes are paid to those who for years past, have gallantly contended with the almost insuperable difficulties which surround the problem of clothes, though I have more than once heard visitors from overseas express respectful and astonished admiration at the appearance of the English Woman in the Street.

Though the rarefied spheres of fashion remain a mystery to her, and though, of necessity, she may lag behind the latest edicts of the Fashion Moguls, she competes most creditably, by the same standards, with the women of any other country—some of them far better situated.

Enforced simplification of styling and ornament and the need, in the interest of economy, to co-ordinate her wardrobe during the years of shortages, have improved average standards of dress in this country so silently and gradually that the miracle has passed unnoticed. Conditions have forced, and continue to force, a much greater selectivity upon the purchaser. The tendency to buy fewer clothes and to select those of a better quality has wrought a change upon general standards of dress which are insufficiently acknowledged. Pot-shots at English clothes have for long past given us an inferiority complex which, so far as the ordinary woman of less means is concerned, no longer has any real basis of fact. Luxurious standards of fashion apart, the ordinary Englishwoman can hold her own to-day with any competitor and, in the light of her many difficulties, has good reason to be proud. It is high time she was aware of it.

In the meantime, the English Model Houses are in the thick of Autumn and Winter Collections. There is a quite noticeable anxiety among those who interest themselves in the trends of Fashion—and

even among those who, ordinarily, do not—in anticipation of some further disturbance of the Fashion Status Quo. At this early stage, the signs are reassuring. The Look would seem to have settled down to a comfortable moderation. Skirts tend, perhaps, to be a little less voluminous, but owners of a hard-won up-to-the-minute wardrobe need have few fears of a radical change of line.



## RECORD OF THE WEEK

JUST about two months ago London gave a tumultuous welcome to West Indian dancer Katherine Dunham. But Miss Dunham is much more than an ordinary dancer; she is an actress of skill and poise, a producer of imagination, and a singer who knows the real value and meaning of what she is singing. Thus you should hear her singing in Portuguese *Ba-Tu-Ca-Da*, and in a French patois *Choucounne*. In this

last song she has the help of Jean Leon Destine. Both numbers are beautifully sung and presented, and at times I could not help being reminded of Lucienne Boyer at her best.

Miss Dunham appears on the record with the same gracious charm with which she approaches an audience in the theatre. What more can I say than that? (Brunswick 03923.) Robert Tredinnick.

# THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



**Hollond—Welsh**

Mr. Anthony C. W. Hollond, D.F.C., son of Sir Alfred Hollond, Master of the Supreme Court (Chancery Division), married Miss Judith June Welsh, daughter of Mr. Harry Welsh and of Mrs. Welsh, of Johannesburg, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



**Palmer—Forster**

Mr. Peter H. Palmer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Palmer, of St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and Westgate-on-Sea, married Miss Pamela Forster, only daughter of Sir John and Lady Forster, of Beckenham, Kent, at the Chapel of the Savoy



**de Trafford—Beeley**

Mr. Dermot de Trafford, of The House in the Wood, Beaulieu, Hampshire, only son of Mr. Rudolph de Trafford and of Mrs. June de Trafford, married Miss Patricia Mary Beeley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Beeley, of Richmond Bridge Mansions, Twickenham, at St. James's, Spanish Place



**Stray—Ketcheson**

Mr. Robert M. Stray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Stray, of Redcote, Downscourt Road, Purley, Surrey, married Miss Helen Eileen Clare Ketcheson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Ketcheson, of Wilton Lodge, Russell Hill, Purley, at St. Mark's, Purley



**Somerville—King**

Mr. Iain L. Somerville, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Somerville, of Edinburgh, married Miss Eleanore King, elder daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady King, of Tigh-na-Righ, The Grove, Whitecraigs, at Newlands (South) Church, Newlands, Glasgow



**Baines—Gregory**

Mr. Robert A. Baines, son of the late Mr. Baines, and Mrs. Malcolm Roberts, married Miss Rosemary K. Gregory, daughter of the Rev. Prebendary Gregory, of Harland Vicarage, North Devon, and of the late Mrs. Gregory, at St. Neclan's, Harland



**Garner—Hunt**

Mr. Vincent Garner, of Cheam, Surrey, married Miss Ruby Hatton Hunt, daughter of Mrs. de Vere Hunt, of Richelieu, Sydney Parade Avenue, Ballsbridge, Dublin, at St. Matthew's Church, Dublin

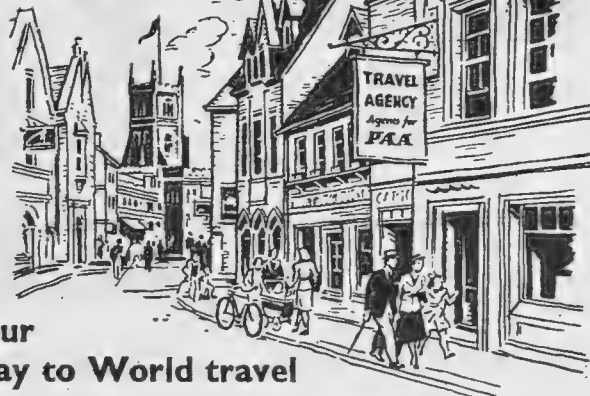


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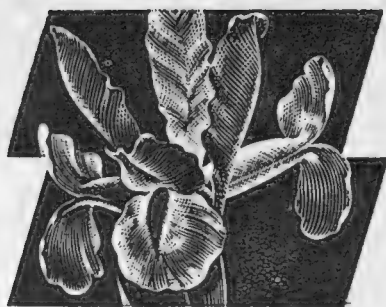


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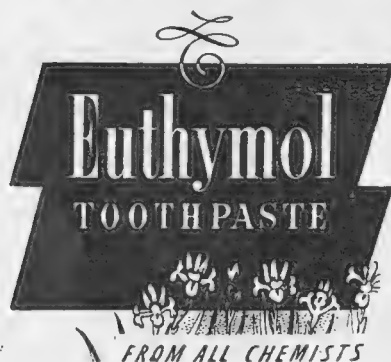
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## The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



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**Miss Margaret St. Aubrey Davies**, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. St. Aubrey Davies, of Bredon, Worcestershire, who is engaged to Dr. Alan Richard Pithethly Calder, M.B., B.S., son of the late Mr. D. P. Calder, M.I.Mech.E., Sudan Government, and of Mrs. Calder, of Reigate



Lenore

**Miss Patricia F. Wells**, younger daughter of Sir Frederick M. Wells and Lady Wells, of the Mansion House, London, E.C.4, and Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Alan P. Greenaway, younger son of Sir Percy Greenaway, Bt., and Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey



**Miss Jane Tierney**, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tierney, of Stone Court, Worth, Sussex, who has announced her engagement to Dr. John Gray Mathewson, of Lyndhurst, Waverley Avenue, Fleet, Hampshire, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mathewson, of Chipperfield, Worth



Pearl Freeman

**Miss Elizabeth Primrose (Betty) Pryce-Michell**, adopted daughter of the late Rev. P. T. Pryce-Michell, and of Mrs. Pryce-Michell, of Huntworth House, Bridgwater, Somerset, who is engaged to Lt. Michael Loy de Villiers Hart, R.N., elder son of Mr. Norman de V. Hart, and Mrs. Loy Hart, of Bedford



Navana Vandyk

**Miss Sybil Sherwood**, only daughter of the late Mr. Edward Sherwood, and of Mrs. Sherwood, of Prested Hall Chase, Kelvedon, who is engaged to Mr. Patrick Andrew Hunt, second son of the late Rev. Andrew Hunt, and of Mrs. Hunt, of Rivenhall, Alton



Harlip

**Miss Daphne Rosemary Hogg**, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Hogg, of West Heath Court, London, N.W.11, who is engaged to Mr. Donald William Mattocks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. C. Mattocks, of Wilton Grove, New Malden, Surrey



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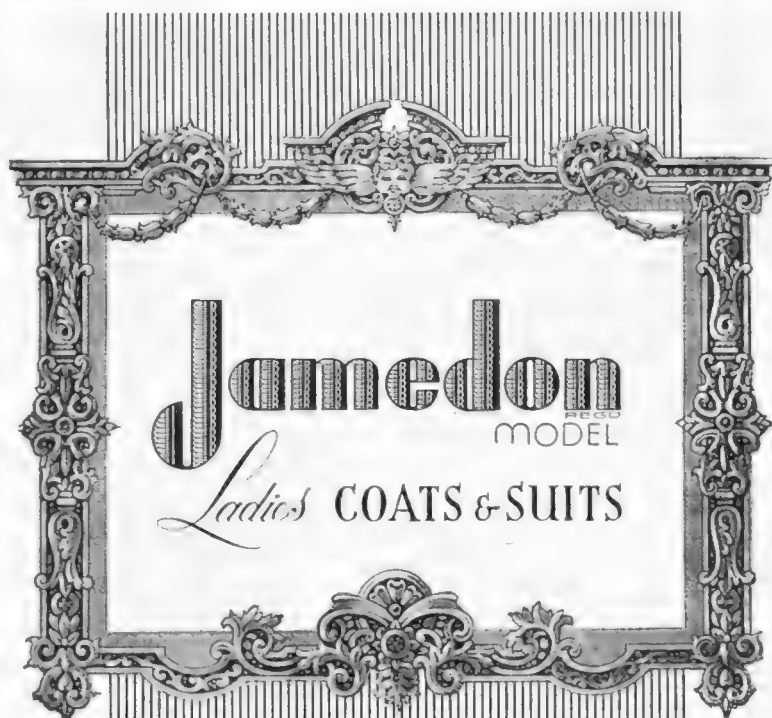
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Oliver Sturges

## on FLYING

OVER-SIMPLIFICATION of air transport problems seems to be the official fashion of the moment. When civil aviation was debated in the House of Lords and Lord Pakenham made his first speech as Minister of Civil Aviation, one got the impression that the Government held the belief that an airline's economics are entirely and exclusively a matter of the aircraft.

If the aircraft are good, the air line will run at a profit; if the aircraft are bad, the air line will run at a loss. That seemed to be the view. The idea that any other factors could enter into the matter appeared to be overlooked. The facts are that an efficiently run air line can make a profit with poor machines and an inefficiently run air line can make an enormous loss with the finest machines available.

We all know that the poor old Tudors are not the best aircraft in the world; but to set up the pretence that it is impossible for an air line to make a profit by running them is tendentious nonsense. If it had not been for the energetic work of Air Vice-Marshal Bennett I believe that the Tudor 4 as well as the Tudor 2 would have been scrapped. There can be no question that there has been a sort of official hate on about these machines.

### Flying Boat Hopes

BUT the greatest cause for anxiety is the future. What long range aircraft is Britain going to use in the future? Are we to resign ourselves to looking to America? If not, it seems that all our hopes in the landplanes must rest with the de Havilland Comet. I know of

nothing else likely to provide what our air lines will require.

In the marine aircraft class the position is better; almost entirely owing to the enterprise of Saunders-Roe and especially of Mr. Arthur Gouge. The more the work on the big flying boats proceeds, the more it appears that they are going to be the real air liners of the future.

I have always had faith in flying boats, and these Saunders-Roe aircraft are confirming that faith. They hold all the promise that the Empire boats held some years ago, and we know, now, how well those Empire boats fulfilled that promise. The engines intended for the new boats are also doing remarkably well. They are Proteus turboprops, which are larger versions of the brilliantly successful Theseus.

### The Ultra-Lights Again

THE Hendon meeting of the Women's Junior Air Corps, at which the Duchess of Kent was present, was a reminder of the glories of the old Hendon meetings with their pylon races. The ultra-light aircraft are doing well. The progress they are making is in heartening contrast to the stagnation that one sees in other civil aviation fields.

And the ultra-lights may be able to stand on their own feet or fly on their own wings without begging subsidies and—in taking them—placing themselves under Government tutelage. Engines are really their chief problem.

No engine firm seems to be ready to put a suitable unit into production without a guarantee of orders, and

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D. R. Stuart

*The British Gliding Team taking part in the Olympic competitions at Samaden, near St. Moritz includes F/Lt. Peter Mallett and F/Lt. R. C. Forbes. They belong to the British Air Force of Occupation in Germany, and have done most of their gliding there*

orders cannot be guaranteed without preliminary demonstration and trial. It is not so much that nobody is nowadays ready to risk money on a new, small engine; as that if they do risk it they cannot hope to make a big profit. They may lose a great deal: they cannot make a great deal.

### Going Arabic

THE official decision to use Arabic numerals instead of Roman when giving aircraft mark numbers is sensible. Roman numerals are always more likely to lead to typing or printing errors than Arabic. But it would also be an advantage if there were a clearer definition of what constituted a fresh mark. Some makers appear to give a fresh mark number to an aircraft in which the only modification has been the interior decoration; others make fairly drastic changes yet keep to the same mark number.

Rationalizing aircraft nomenclature would be useful but appallingly difficult. It is curious that a thing which proves so easy with motor cars should be so hard with aircraft.

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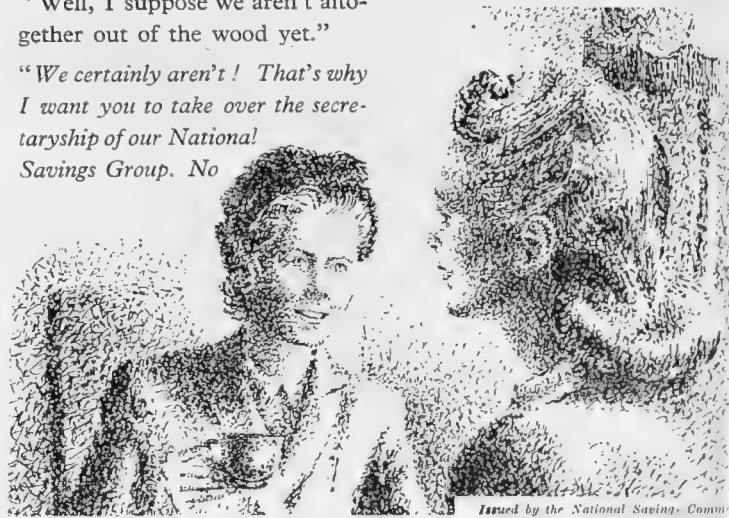
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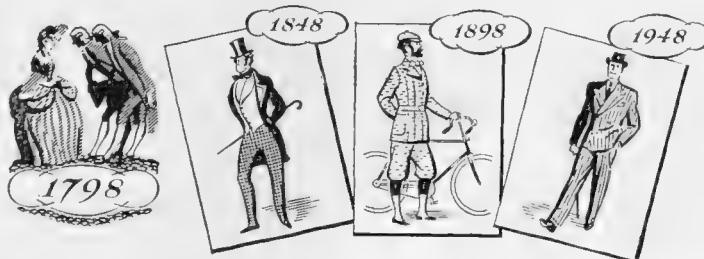
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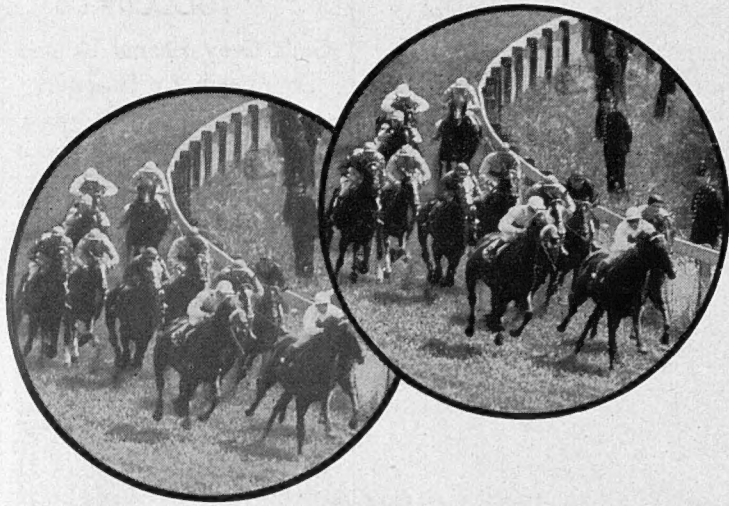
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